Marrying 117

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Summary: While the dudes are having a bachelor party, Cortana and her friends have a little sumthin' up their sleeves. ON HIATUS

1. Sure Unsure

Marrying 117

Jiralhanae

The Master Chief sits in his room, thinking about how should he ask the newly human Cortana to marry him. Holding a small velvet box in his hand, he opens it, revealing a beautiful diamond engagement band. Her favorite, a white gold diamond cut; the diamond shaped like a jewel-encrusted grunt. He smiles, knowing she would love this ring more than any other possession, maybe even him. The Master Chief starts to practice popping the question.

"Will you marry me? Nah, that's not right. Cortana, will you marry me? That's not right either. I love you and---That's not right. Will you be my wife? Man, I'll never get this right! I'd better get it right if I'm to become her husband."

While John is busy muttering loudly to himself, the Arbiter is standing in the doorway, listening to every word.

"John, what are you doing?'

He whirls around in shock, feeling a bit embarrassed and a tad naked without his helmet.

"Um, thinking out loud? Talking to myself?" John sighs and shakes his head. "I'm about to ask Cortana to marry me. There, are you happy now, Arm-Biter?"

The Arbiter folds his arms protestingly and frowns.

"Don't call me 'Arm-Biter', Master Leaf," He says cynically. "I'm not the one trying to ask Cortana to marry me."

John scoffs, and then smirks playfully.

"How about I make you my best man, Arbiter?"

He looks at the ceiling, stroking his bottom lip.

"Let me think about itâ€¦Sure, John. Anything for a Hierarch-killing, Sacred Ring-destroying, Responsible-for-the-spreading-of-the Flood, Demon friend."

Look out for the part two 'The Question' Coming soon!

2. The Question

Marrying 117 (Part Two)

Note: I've been getting a LOT of questions about how Cortana becomes human. I'll explain in this part of the story. The diamond Grunt? You'll see the symbolism a little later.

Note #2: In this part I will be using a bunch of made-up names. Put it this wayâ€”Ghetto Fabulous!

Thanks for your comments and questions! I greatly appreciate them! Oh yeahâ€¦I AM SO LATE WITH THIS CHAPTER! I have been WAY 2 busy lately to even finish this story! I assure you, Chapters three and four will be up as soon as possible! Brutes Honor!

John wondered if he made the right choicechanging Cortana into a human. For three years he's had feelings for her, even when she was AI. He fought those feelings for too long. One night, John snuck into a restricted part of the Cairo Station; a part known as 'Human Animation'. This particular part was off limits for a reason: If every AI wanted to be human, then there would be too many of them and not enough A.I.'s to go around.

John takes the tiny chip from his helmet and positions it into a small groove on the side of the chamber. This process took a little time, maybe a few hours at the maximum. He dozes off; knowing he will see the woman of his dreams, perhaps even marry her. A few minutes felt like hours to John. Impatience grips the Spartan's heart. He whispers: I just want to hold you and never let you goâ€¦

Just when he fully falls asleep, the chamber opens with a _hiss_, and out steps the perfect human Goddess, Cortana.

The Arbiter tapping him on the shoulder cuts his flashback short.

"John," he says, waving his huge, slender hand in front of his eyes. "Yo, John!"

He sighs in irritation and flicks John's ear.

"Hey, what the hell was that for!" the Master Chief yelled.

The Arbiter shakes his head, and then makes a 'tsk-tsk-tsk' sound.

"John, time's a wastin'. You'd better ask her before I do. Oh yeah, did you notice she is gaining a little bit of weight lately?"

The Master Chief looks at the Arbiter with a hint of 'I'd oughta slap you in the back of your Sangheili head'. He just smirks and says:

"Whaddya mean she's gaining weight? Cortana's a size six, not aâ€”"

The Arbiter fills his sentence in.

"Size twelve? I know that sudden weight gain. She'sâ€”"

Putting his hand up in front of Arbiter's face, John makes a 'shush' noise.

"Not now, Arbie. I've got a question to ask."

While John and the Arbiter are acting like they're six years old, the newly human Cortana and her ghetto fabulous friends are chillin' at the Flood-Burgers Restaurant (Slogan: Good Flood Good Feelings. Flood Burgers!) Anyways, Cortana and her girls are having a good time! Eatin' some broiled Flood-Burgers, drinkin' chocolate Grunt shakes, and smashin' on some oh-so-tasty French-friedâ€¦uhâ€¦fries! One of her friends, Shanisha, asks Cortana about John.

"So, Tana, wassup with you and John? When is he going to ask you toâ€¦you knowâ€¦marry you?"

Cortana looks up from her shake, giving Shanisha a quizzical eye.

"I dunno. Maybe today?"

Another one of her friends, Ayesha, spots John from out of the corner of her eye. Nearly choking on her food, she decides not to say anything. Denisha notices her expression. She, too, decides not to say anything.

"Hey," says Shanisha. "Isâ€¦that the Arbiter and," she licks her lips. "That tall, dark-haired, hunka-hunka man meat called Sexy? I mean Hottie? I mean"

Cortana flicks her straw at Shanisha.

"His name's John, you retard! And stop calling him 'man-meat'!" She smiles naughtily. "Only _I_ may call him hunka-hunka-man-meat."

Smiling from ear to ear, Ayesha says:

"Just how big is his mewassup Arbie? Wassup John? How ya'll doin'?"

Denisha shakes her head. Muttering under her breath, she whispers 'What a pervert.'

"Hey," John and the Arbiter replied in unison. Again, like a couple of first graders, they yell in harmony:

"Jinx! Dammit! Jinx! Dammit! JINX! DAMMIT! Stop copying me! Stop copying me! Stop copying me! Cortana, tell him to stop!"

Cortana stands up and slaps the both of them in the back of the head.

"You both stop it! Now, John, what did you want to see me about?"

Stone silent, John rubs the back of his neck. He can feel butterflies fluttering in the pit of his stomach. He looks at Arbiter, then Shanisha, then Ayesha, then Denisha (Who is eating everybody else's food and weighs a healthy 270 pounds) then at the half eaten Flood-Burger, then at Cortana again. Trying to grow some courage, the words finally come out.

"Cortana, I've been wanting to ask you this for a very long time."

Everyone in the restaurant stopped what he or she was doing. Hell, even the High Charity went silent to hear this; even the entire Cairo Station went dead quiet! EVERYONE in the whole galaxy has waited for this day!

John kneeled on one knee, making every soul sit on the edge of their seat come closer. He takes out a small velvet box, making Cortana breathe short breaths.

He broke the powerful silence.

"Cortana, will you marry me?"

With that, he opened the small box, revealing a very expensive-looking engagement ring. Tears of joy start to run down Cortana's face.

Her voice breaking, she says:

"Yes, I will!"

An unremarkable noise fills every inch of the restaurant as well as the entire galaxy. High Charity sounded like the galaxy's biggest Slipknot concert, Cairo Station threw a literal celebration party (complete with the champagne) for the husband and wife to be, the Heretics' Hangout Spot in the middle of space had actual confetti and balloons floating around it, heck, even Earth was partying!

Cortana threw her arms around her beloved John-117, happy he finally asked for her hand in marriage. The happy couple continues to hold each other, not letting goâ€¦at least for a little while.

"Well, Johnny-Boy, you what this means," said the Arbiter. "The ol' ball-and-chain!"

John gives his Sangheili friend a sarcastic look, and then smiles. He mouths the words 'bachelor party.'

Somehow, Cortana knew what he said.

"And no bachelor parties, John. Don't even think about it."

He just smiles fondlyâ€¦and playfullyâ€¦with a plan up hisâ€¦uhâ€¦MJOLNIR sleeve.

Keep a look out for part three: 'How To Plan a Weddingâ€¦SPARTAN STYLE!

3. How to Plan a Wedding Spartan Style!

Marrying 117 (part three)

Planet Asshole

Practically Next Door to High Charity

"RiGoddamnDiculous."

Cortana's playa-hatin' enemy, Rochelle, got word of her engagement to John through the eleven o' clock Asshole News. She has ALWAYS despised Cortana from day one, and now that she's about to marry GQ model of the year 2549, she really can't stand her now.

Rochelle is only a year younger than Cortana, a bit shorter, and a little thicker than she is, Rochelle has this Primadonna attitude. She acts like the world owes her something, she acts like men are supposed to fall at her feet, and she acts like a true bitch. Her clique, Bitches Inc., is a bunch of underdressed, too much makeup wearing, constantly drenched in perfume, weave-head ho's. She and her trash ass friends have tried to break up John and Cortana since Floods became legal pets on Earth.

Her friends have some of the strangest ghetto names on record: ShaNeeNee, Waikiki, Tortilla, Lasagna, Linguine, and Pasta. No wonder they can't get a man.

"Do you damn believe this?" Rochelle asked her nasty-ass friends. "This bitch has one of the silliest names on record and she gets the hottest dude known to mankind. Of all the nerve! This is some Bullâ€”Damnâ€”Shit!"

"Maybe you should do something to ruin her wedding," Lasagna suggested. "Maybe we should all get together and trash her big day!"

"Or pee in the champagne!" ShaNeeNee interjected. Rochelle gave her a nasty glare. "Look, I'm not tryin' to piss in the champagne. I want to"

"Sneeze on the wedding cake?" asked Waikiki.

"Wipe a big, green booger on her face?" asked Linguine.

"Sleep with John and say he came onto you?" asked Pasta.

An evil smile crept onto Rochelle's face. Maybe her no good whore

friends will come in handy after all.

"Pasta, that sounds like a damn good idea. I'll sleep with John, say he came onto me, and totally ruin their picture-perfect day! Tee hee! I'll ruin their big day! Then I'll"

"Shit in the flowers?" asked Tortilla.

"Have your dog puke on her wedding gown?" asked Lasagna.

"Eat all the cake and blame it on Tartarus?" asked Pasta.

Rochelle just shook her head and walked away.

Planet Get Real

Next Door to Cairo Station

While the jackasses on Planet Asshole are planning to make total asses out of themselves, Shanisha introduces Cortana and John to _her_ wedding planners and decorators.

"Husband and wife to be, I want ya'll to meet _my_ wedding planners. And they are: Ice-Scream, Princess, Squeamisha, Rayon, Crayola, Screamisha, Crayon, Escalade, Noxema, RayShawn, RayQuan, Peaches, and the Chinese twins, Ring-Ring and Ding-Ding."

John and Cortana look at each other, and then look at Shanisha, then at each other, then looks at Willard (who came out of nowhere), and look at each other again. The wedding planners look like a bunch of over made folks in bright colored outfits on Easter Sunday. John notices Rayon (Gay Gay Gay!) winking at him. He politely walks to where Rayon is standing, and picks him up by his foot. While Rayon is hanging upside down, John has the look of 'I'm gonna kill you sucka' written all over his face.

"If you so much as LOOK at me," John said beneath clenched teeth. "I'll rip your gonads off and shove them up your nose. Capeesh?"

A scared smile crept on Rayon's face. The front of his booty huggin' hipsters are completely drenched in pee.

"Y-Y-Yes I won't look at you! You got it!" Rayon said in a shaky tone of voice. John drops him in a dumpster (that came out of nowhere) full of roaches.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! There are roaches in here! ROACHES!"

"Okay, where were we?" John asked coolly. Cortana, Shanisha, and Willard (who came out of nowhere) are all staring at him in surprise.

"Uh, Nisha, can we talk to you in hush-hush mode?" asked Cortana. Behind a random door (which came out of the blue) she starts to whisper to her friend about the wedding.

"Look, I know you mean well, but I'm not trying to have our wedding look like a Ludacris video. I was going for something a little more"

"Spartan-ish?" Willard from out of the blue finished for her. Cortana smiles warmly, pleased that he came up with something a little more logical than her fiancÃ©'s idea: a nude wedding in the middle of Mars and a honeymoon on Pluto.

"Yeah, a Spartan wedding! Good idea, Willard from out of nowhere," Shanisha said with a big smile on her face. "I can fire the other quacks out there and actually hire someone who got some taste! Those dumb asses really don't know what they're doingâ€¦"

John raised an eyebrow, surprised at her sudden change of heart. "Then why in the name of Judas Priest did you hire them?"

Shanisha rolls her eyes and flips him off. "Anyways, where should we start?"

Cortana smiles brightly and fumbles with her bling-bling.

"Start withâ€¦my wedding dressâ€¦" She glances at John for a second. "And _maybe_ his tux. Since he won't be wearing it for long when I'm done with him."

Keep your ears peeled for part four: Cortana and the Technicolor Dream Gown!

4. Cortana and the Technicolor Dream Gown

Part Four

Cortana and the Technicolor Dream Gown

A/N: This takes place on Earth (finally.) At a place I call Moneybags, New York.

While John and Willard are shopping for dumb stuff, such as bubble solution and fake rat traps, Cortana, Shanisha, and Arbiter are shopping for more constructive things, like an lovely wedding gown and accessories.

While Cortana tries on different gowns, Arbiter is trying to look down Shanisha's blouse.

"Look at my boobs again, and you'll be wearing that chocolate mousse," she said with her teeth clenched. "And I mean it, you eight foot tall bean pole."

"Guys?" Cortana yells from the fitting room. "How's this one?"

She steps out of the fitting room with a 1700s looking gown with way too much crinoline, bows, lace, long sleeves, and a stiff collar.

Shanisha and Arbiter stare at Cortana as if she were a Flood. The ugliness of the gown makes Arbiter drop his chocolate mousse.

"Well?" she says questioningly, "What do you think?"

At the same time, Shanisha and Arbiter say: "Oh HELL no."

"Uh, cupcakes," Shanisha gently pulls Cortana to the side. "This is 2552, not 1752. You might wanna change your gown 'cuz that ain't workin' sweetie."

"What's wrong with it?" Cortana asks her friend.

"Wellâ€¦it's uhâ€¦way too much for you. It looks like it weighs over a thousand pounds and you couldâ€¦umâ€¦trip on it." Shanisha gives Arbiter a hand gesture that says 'help me out here!"

Just to get on Shanisha's nerves, he says: "Cortana, what she's trying to say is that gown sucks. And it sucks hard."

Obviously, Cortana didn't notice the Goddess-awful color of the gown.

"Ewww! It's not even white! It's an ugly tan!" She runs back into the fitting room, and Shanisha and Arbiter are in for another five hours watching Cortana model in different gowns. She comes out with yet another ugly gown.

"This one?"

"No."

"This one?"

"Nope."

"This one?"

"No."

"Okay, what about this one."

Cortana finally finds the gown of her dreams: a beautiful form fitting, floor length gown with flowing sleeves, faux fur collar and a sexy split up the left leg.

"Now that's what I'm talkin' about! Showin' leg and cleavage all over the place!" Arbiter says with excitement in his voice. Shanisha nudges him in the arm.

"Jeebus H. Christopher! Calm down, Arbie! Anyways, you look beautiful. I bet John might end up falling all over himself when he sees you in that dress," she says with a big smile on her face.

"Well, we'll just have to see for ourselves on our big day,' Cortana says. "He is gonna totally FLIP when he sees this dress!"

5. Da Guest List

Part Five

Da Guest List

(Place: Rich Ass Hotel, New York City. Room 117)

To InuYasha: I don't really know how to pronounce MJOLNIR. I guess the M is silent. I just say 'Jol-Ner.'

"Man, I didn't know inviting people could be so difficult," complained John. "Either of us have parents, or siblings, or nunna that crap," John complained to Arbiter.

While John bitched, whined, and complained like a pesky housewife, Arbiter has a better ideaâ€”inviting the ENTIRE Covenantâ€¦and perhaps some humans.

"I know who you guys can invite," Arbiter said with enthusiasm. "Invite some of your old Spartan buddies, and the whole Covenant."

John looked at Arbiter as if he lost his damn mind.

"Are you nucking futs?"

"No I'm not 'Nucking Futs'. I'm serious. If you and Cortana invite the entire Covenantâ€¦and maybe some humansâ€¦that way your big day can be a big success. Only one catch." Arbiter puts his arms behind his back and shuffles from hoof to hoof.

"What's the catch?" asks John.

"Umâ€¦you gotta invite the Prophets too." Arbiter said sheepishly.

John's face lights up like a Christmas tree.

"Okay, I'll invite them. Just don't let that Grunt named Yo-Yo or Yummy or---"

"Yayap?" Arbiter finished the sentence for John.

"Yeahâ€¦whatever. Just don't let Yeah-Yeah eat all the cake during the reception."

"I'll try not to let him eat all the cake. Now, let's get started with the Da Guest List. Let's see," said Arbiter. "Who are you guys invitingâ€¦Captain Crunch, Sergeant Rimjob, Miranda Pees---"

"Uh, I think you mean Captain Keyes, Sergeant Johnson, and Miranda Keyes," John interrupted. "Maybe I should do the list."

John takes the notepad from Arbiter. Bad Idea. Now they start fighting over it.

"Gimmit!"

"No!"

"Gimme that notepad, you clinking, clattering, clanging eyesore of a olive green, armor plated P.O.S!"

"Just for that, YOU ain't gonna get it, you eight foot, scrawny, anorexic looking, calamari smelling, hoofedâ€¦hoofedâ€¦ahhhh what the

hell, dag-nab Elite!"

While John and Arbiter are quarrelling, Cortana and Shanisha walk in from the gift shop a few doors down.

"What the hell are you two arguing about?" Cortana yelled in irritation.

Like a pair of little kids, John and Arbiter start talking at the same time.

"He won't let me do the guest list/He's being a jerk/He called me a name/Blah blah blah/Wa wa wa!"

Cortana shakes her head in annoyance.

"I'll do the guest list. That'll solve all that. And stop being babies!"

John and Arbiter hold their heads down in embarrassment.

"Okay, we're sorry. Hey John, wanna play Halo 2?" asks Arbiter with zest in his voice.

"Yeah. But I always kick your ass." Said John.

"So, who _are _you inviting?" Shanisha asks Cortana.

A mischievous smile creeps on Cortana's face.

"Spartans, Humans, and the whole entire Covenant."

6. Seams a Rippin'

Seams a Rippin'

(Place: You Got Some Money Apartments; Cortana's Apartment, number 17)

"DAMMIT MAN!"

The pissed off voice of Cortana echoes through her large studio apartment, startling Shanisha out of her catnap.

"What are you yelling about?" Shanisha asks sleepily.

"My dress! The entire right seam on my dress completely burst open!"

Shanisha quickly gets off of the pink plush couch to see about her best friend's wedding gown. To her surprise, the entire left side of the gown is exposing Cortana's underwear.

"Oh you have GOT to be fucking kidding me," Shanisha says without emotion. "Just how much weight have you been puttin' on?"

"I don't know," Cortana says nervously. "I really have no idea." (Knowing damn well she does)

She steps on the holo-scale, and the results are shocking.

"160 POUNDS! Are you serious? You brainless scale, I oughtaâ€”"

Cortana raises a hairbrush over her head. Shanisha stops her from beating the scale senseless.

"Don't beat up the scale. You remember the last time you beat up the scale: springs and computer chips everywhere."

"Ohâ€¦that's right," Cortana's voice goes whiny. "But look at my dress! I can hardly fit it! What am I gonna tell John?"

Shanisha notices a little pudge on her best friend's abdomen.

"Turn a little to the right."

Cortana turns slightly to the right. Shanisha's eyes widen in surprise.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"That you have a bun in the oven?"

Cortana's voice goes embarrassed.

"Causeâ€¦umâ€¦I wanted it to be a surprise?"

"A surprise?" Shanisha asked excitedly. "And you were gonna wear white?"

Her cheeks go red with embarrassment.

"Wellâ€¦maybe. Why not white?"

Shanisha folds her arms and gives Cortana the 'you got nerve wearing white' look.

"It's about time you tell Johnny-Boy about your future baby boy or girl or twins or triplets or quadruplets or quintuplets or---"

Cortana cuts her off.

"I get the picture, Shanisha. Just do one thing."

"What's that?"

"Don't say 'quintuplets' again. That gives me the willies."

Shanisha smiles brightly, trying to hold in a laugh.

(Snicker snicker) "Okay," (snicker snicker) "I'll try not to say that again."

Just when Cortana closes the bathroom door to change her clothes, Shanisha says this as loudly as she can:

"QUINTUPLETS!"

Cortana opens the bathroom door again and chucks a bar of Whale Oil of Olay at her.

"HA! You missed!" Shanisha laughs.

This time, she throws the holo-scale at her, not missing at all. Little Drones, scales, and birds float around her head, making birdie sounds.

Shanisha puts her hand on her head.

"Ohhhh, that's gonna leave a mark," she says, sounding like an inebriated person.

"See what happens when you talk about multiple births?" Cortana says to Shanisha. She walks away into her room and out of the blue, Smokey from Friday stands over her and yells:

"You got knocked the fuck out!"

Keep a lookout for part seven: The SHOCK of a Lifetime!

7. The SHOCK of a Lifetime!

The SHOCK of a Lifetime

Place: Lend Me Some Money Until I Get My Food Stamps On The First Of The Month Street; Inside Ayesha's really nice mansion

While Cortana is giving her wedding gown some much needed stitches, Shanisha is putting the world's biggest ice pack the size of a cinder block on her head. The ice is making the inside of Ayesha's home feel like a refrigerator.

"Uh, Shanisha," Ayesha stammers between shivers. "C-Could you p-put t-that away? It's f-freezing in here!"

Shanisha moves the huge ice pack off of her head as if she were Wonder Woman. The goose egg lump on the top of her head is glowing red, looking like something off of a Tom and Jerry cartoon.

"I hope you're happy," Shanisha complained. "Thanks to you, Cortana, I look like a cartoon character!"

Cortana stops what she's doing. She pulls out a small mallet from out of the blue and lightly hammers Shanisha's lump back into her head. The light hammering makes a cartoonish 'dink-dink-dink' noise. She then covers the spot with some cheap, Bargain Barn bandages.

"There, good as new," says Cortana.

The red lump sprouts back up like a vegetable, making the cheap-ass Band-Aids sound similar to a flag in the wind.

"Ohhhhh my head," Shanisha whines. "Ohhh my sweet little poor little achy hollow head!"

"It's hollow alright," Ayesha mumbles to herself. "I wonder what's on TV." She grabs the remote and turns on the TV.

"_When Birds Attackâ€¦_(Changes the channel) _Does your hemorrhoids burn and itch? If they do, use Asshole Cream! You bet if it's Asshole Cream! â€¦_(Changes the channel) _Tonight on MSNBC: Hardcore Porn! Right after When Boob Implant Surgery Goes Wrong!_ (Woman screaming)_ "Oh my GOD! My breasts! They're gone! They're gone!_ (Changes the channel) _Tomorrow on Jerry Springer: I Married my Mother's Brother's Cousin's Uncle's Grandma's Baby Daddy! (_Changes the channel)_"Tonight on the Loser Channel: I'm a loser and proud of it! With your host The Drunken Bum on the Corner!" _

Ayesha switches the television off. "Ain't nothin' on this time of night!"

"It's only 7:00 in the evening---oh no, I almost forgot!" Cortana says sheepishly. "Tonight's our engagement party!" She quickly drops what she doing and rushes into Ayesha's bathroom, where her party dress is hanging.

"How are you gonna forget your own engagement party?" Ayesha asks with slight irritation in her voice. "Now I gotta go find somethin' to wear!"

Cortana pops her head out of the bathroom doorway. "You got somethin' to wear! You're rich remember?"

Ayesha smiles ear to ear. "That's right, I _am_ rich. I think I'll wear my pink Chanel gown."

"And I'll wear my Dolce and Gabbana gown!" Shanisha says with anticipation. "With the matching bag!"

After a few minutes of makeup, perfume, pantyhose, and all that other airhead crap I don't do, Cortana, Ayesha, and Shanisha are all looking like a gazillion bucks for the big party tonight. Tonight's the night Cortana tells her little poopsie-woopsie she's got a hamâ€¦erâ€¦bun in the oven.

Place: Total Showoff Hotel, Downtown New New New New New New New New York

While John and the rest of his Covenant and Human friends await the fabulous party, Tartarus, decked out in a very costly black tuxedo, is eating all the finger food.

"Dude, can you wait until Cortana gets here?" Zuke' Zamamee asks him with irritation in his voice.

With his mouth full of Ritz crackers and squeeze cheese; Tartarus answers him, sprinkling crumbs all over the front of his tux.

"Don't youâ€¦(chew chew)â€¦tell me toâ€¦(swallow)â€¦wait! Mmmmm, (snort) this is SOOO tasty!" He then grabs another handful of Keebler Club crackers and stuffs them all into his mouth, along with an assload of ham and cheese. (My favorite food.)

"Pig," Zuke' muttered under his breath.

On the other side of the ballroom, John fumbles with his diamond cufflinks, obviously worried about something.

"What's the matter?" Arbiter asks him.

"Nothing," he answers. Arbiter gives John the 'bullshit with a capital B' look.

"Oh yeah, it don't look like nothin'. You worried about Cortana ain't you?"

John nods his head yes. Cortana's thirty minutes late and he's worried about her. Just when he's about to go look for her, she walks in with Ayesha and Shanisha, looking like something out of a rich folks magazine.

"Good, she's here. Now I can get this monkey off my back. GO AWAY MONKEY!" The little monkey jumps off of John's back and runs out the double doors. Cortana finds John and gives him a hug.

"Sorry I'm late," she says. "I almost forgot our own engagement party."

"That's alright," says John. "Things have been going...wellâ€¦fat lately." He points in the direction of Tartarus, who is filling his face with crab cakes.

"Um, Cortana, are you gonna tell John about theâ€¦you know what?" Shanisha asks, pointing at her own stomach.

"Uhâ€¦yeah!" She finds a microphone out of the blue and walks to the stage where the Pat Metheny Group is playing.

"Can I borrow this?" Cortana asks Pat. (He's a dude, by the way. And he's one of my favorite smooth jazz artists)

"Yeah, sure," he says, and then moves away to the side.

Feedback from the microphone makes a high-pitched sound, hurting everyone's ears.

"Sorry about that," Cortana apologizes. She clears her throat. "Well, you all know John and I are getting married soon," (Party guests applaud) "and neither of us are having bachelor or bachelorette parties," (Only three claps can be heard.)

"That's what she thinks," The Arbiter says under his breath, nudging John with his elbow. Cortana continues with her announcements.

"â€¦But there is one thing I failed to mentionâ€¦to my fiancÃ©."

John walks closer to the stage. "Mention what, sweetie?" he asks with concern in his voice.

Cortana sighs, and then spills the beansâ€¦all over the stage. Geez, the bag of pinto beans had a hole in it! (Lame joke. Brew-Ha-Ha) Anyway:

"John, I'm pregnant."

The entire ballroom is silent. Tartarus stops eating for once in his chubby life, Zuke's squid-like mouth is open wide with surprise, Miranda Keyes drops her glass of champagne, hell, anyone who's there is in total shock.

"YOU'RE WHAT!" Willard yells, his voice echoing off the walls. John has a look of utter shock on his face. He can't believe what he's just heard.

"Arbiter," John says out of breath.

"What is it, dude?" he answers.

"Catch me, 'cause I think I'm gonna faint in three, two, oneâ€¦" John faints, landing on the ballroom floor with a cartoonish thump. Everyone has a mindless look on his or her faces.

"What?" Cortana asks. "Is there something in my nose? Why is everyone acting so shocked?"

Pat Metheny taps her on the shoulder, and then points to the floor. "Um, your fiancÃ©'s out cold. I think your message was a little over the top." Cortana walks off the stage to see about her sugarbuns.

"John, are you okay?" Cortana asks him.

"Ohh, my head. Arbiter, why didn't you catch me?" John asks him with irritation in his voice.

"Cuz I seen some boobs. Big ones." Arbiter answers him.

Willard shakes his head. "Boobs? That's the ONLY excuse you could come up with?" He suddenly has a change of heart. "Where you see some boobs? How big were they?"

"Oh sweetie, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," Cortana says so sugary it makes your teeth hurt.

"Aww, that's okay, Sugarbutt. I hope we have lotsa babies," John says with too much confectioners' sugar in his voice. They continue to add sugar to the entire ballroom, making everybody (including me) sick.

"Sweetie Cakes."

"Poopsie Woopsie."

"My sweet little sweetiekins."

Pat Metheny has had about enough of this toothache session.

"ENOUGH! Can we get on with the party?"

Anybody who is anybody couldn't agree with Pat Metheny more.

_Yule see when part eight is up soon: BACHELOR PARTY! (against each

other's wishes)_

8. Bachelor Party!

Part Eight: Bachelor Party!

FIRST OF ALL, Zelda-Lover, if you are going to give a flame, LEARN HOW TO SPELL! The last time I checked I was grown, so I do what I want. Respect your elders, child. Anyways, here are some MUCH NEEDED answers to a LOT of people's questions. Demonwithasoul: No. This story ain't over 'til the fat Grunt sings!

Specter117: The Arbiter eats chocolate mousse through his mouth hole; Goya Adobo makes a Flood tasty; WillardCrispin Glover from the movie 'Willard'; I brought the Prophets back from the dead; and the 1700s gown was left there by some rich chick in the 1700s.

Firefox Rocco: I know Elites don't have lips. They use their mouth hole.

Kai's Dragon: Thanx. FTW! (Feed The Wombats!)

TurMoil 911: Thanx. Eat more chocolate cake!

SPARTAN-45: Thanx 4 everything! Buy a dinosaur.

Lombaxworship: Thanx. Support Pimpin'.

Obsidian Thirteen: I hope the Master Chief is your father! Cuz if he isâ€¦you gon' get it! Giggity Giggity!

Zach Martin: Thanx. Give to the Needy Spartans Fund!

Dothacker130: Thanx! And thanx 4 the really funny Christmas carols!

Yomiko the Hellbunny Slayer: Thanx for the 'Know Your Stars Halo Style' fanfic! And thanx again!

Labins: HA!

Mudmag: Tee-Hee!

Virulent Enmity: Giggity Giggity Giggity!

Sir Dik Dik: Thanx! I TOO FOLLOW (and eat) BEEF! WITH A1 SAUCE!

Random Insane Person: Thanx. And thanx again for your extended review. I have been practicing!

Monkey Hood: Thanxâ€¦even 4 the flames!

Ototo: Play More Halo. Now. THAT MEANS TODAY, MAGGOT! MOVE MOVE MOVE!

Johnny-Sasaki: Thanx. GIGGITY! GIGGITY!

SimKatze: Thanx. Vote Tartarus!

Nuclear Mage: Thanx. Donate to the Hungry Grunt Fund!

Zuke Zamamee: Cortana was turned human by being placed in a Humanizing Machine. (Just some NONSENSE I made up) Elites never got lips, they use the mouth hole! The bling-bling Grunt? Yayap, the Arbiter's little friend. (Yule see later in the story)

Master 117: Thanx. And I will keep writing!

Emmawatsonshot: Thanx. And I am VERY weirdâ€¦inna good way.

Spartan 76: Thanx. Donate to the Save the Sewer Rats fund!

InuYasha: Thanx. And you pronounce MJOLNIR like this: (sounding like a retard) MEâ€”OLâ€”NER.

Elite Elite: Thanx. Vote for Orna Fulsamee in November!

Red Blood White Feathers: Thanx. Give Jackal blood to the Red versus Blue Cross.

General Ironwolf: Thanx. Yes, the Arbiter's a boob manâ€¦erâ€¦Elite.

Da Candyman Can: Thanx. Donate humans to the Hungry Flood Fund!

Atoz: Thanx. Give away molasses to the Sugar Rush Foundation!

EMc2: Thanx. Please don't sue me! Eat snacky smores.

Bulziguy: Thanx. Support the Bum on the Corner. Give him booze. And a nudey magazine.

Robert Archer: Thanx. Eat fried chicken and mashed potatoes for dinner. It's tasty!

_And thanx to everyone else I probably forgot! Nowâ€¦The Bachelor Party! _

Place: Let Me Get Twenty Dollars, I'll Pay You Back In Four Years Street; Zuke's mansion

"I can't believe you're making me have a bachelor party against Cortana's wishes," John said among hesitation. "I mean, what do I need with some half-naked chick dancing in front of my face when I got Cortana?"

Arbiter and Zuke just stare at him. They both make a whip noise.

"I'M NOT WHIPPED. Just honest."

They make a whip noise again.

"You REALLY need to loosen up," Sergeant Johnson says in the doorway. "It's just some strippers for Goddess sakes."

"Just some strippers?" John asks. "Look, I don't know WHAT you dudes have in mind, but I want no part of it."

"Aww, come on, puny humanâ€”I mean John. These are the last days of your bachelorhood," Zuke says. "So enjoy it. I wish I had enjoyed mineâ€¦until I married Arbiter's leftovers."

Arbiter turns to Zuke and gently shoves him. "Rena Sachamee is not leftovers." Like some ten year olds, they start going back and forth.

"Is not."

"Is too."

"Is not."

"Is too"

"Is not."

"Is too."

"Is not."

"Is too."

"Is not."

"Is too times infinity."

"Is not times infinity plus one!"

"DAMN! Anyways, I've already hired a couple of strippers andâ€”" Arbiter is cut off by John's voice.

"YOU WHAT!" Arbiter shows him a picture of the strippers. He suddenly gets a change of heart. "When are they coming?"

"Eight sharp! Wooooooooo we gonna see some boobies!" Johnson yells excitedly.

"Yeeeeeeeaaaahhhhhhh! Boo-bies, boo-bies, boo-bies!" Arbiter yells eagerly while squeezing imaginary breasts.

The dudes wait for the strippers. While they are waiting, Tartarus is once again filling his fat mouth with nachos and cheese.

"Can you wait?" Willard asks him, clearly annoyed with his gluttonous eating.

"Shutâ€¦(chew chew)â€¦the hellâ€¦(smack smack swallow)â€¦UP!" Tartarus yells at him, spraying little wet nacho cheese particles on Willard.

"See what you did to my favorite shirt, you walking, talking blimp!" He yells. Tartarus picks Willard up and throws him across the room;

he ends up in the kitchen with his ass stuck in the kitchen garbage can. Frederic walks into the kitchen and finds him stuck in the garbage can.

"Man, what da hell is you doin' in thurr?" He asks.

"Ugh, don't ask," Willard says with embarrassment in voice. Frederic walks out of the kitchen with a big bag of nachos and a can of salsa in his hands.

Meanwhile, Arbiter and John are getting on Zuke's nerves.

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No."

"Are they here yet?"

"No.'

Zuke finally gets tired of the same question.

"Are they here yet?"

"SHUT UP! YOU BOTH ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY! SEE? I'M GOING CRAZY!" He makes some random mental institution noises. "Gdjhadjgiejhfdafnfckiuafiarhfahfjahfjdhjsdjhdfjghuewhfughajkhyeuthjlg akyj!"

John and Arbiter look at each other, then at Zuke, then at Tartarus, then at each other again, then at the Drunken Bum on the Corner, then at Zuke again, then some other dudes, then each other again, then Willard who has a skinny garbage can stuck to his skinny ass, then Johnson, then Frederic, then each other again, then at the strippers----

"Holy birthday cake, John, the strippers are here!" Arbiter says excitedly. Unknown to all the dudes, Linda and Kelly were the original strippers. The Bitch Clique tied them up and put them behind the bushes behind the mansion.

"Who's the lucky man meat getting married to the frump?" Rochelle asks loudly. Arbiter pushes John in the middle of the floor.

"He is!" All the dudes shout in unison.

The bachelor party is just getting started. The Bitch Clique is totally half-naked and shakin' their asses to 2 Live Crew's song 'Doo Doo Brown.' Dollars litter the floor and the dudes are SO drooling.

End
file.